



Tattersall's Club Magazine

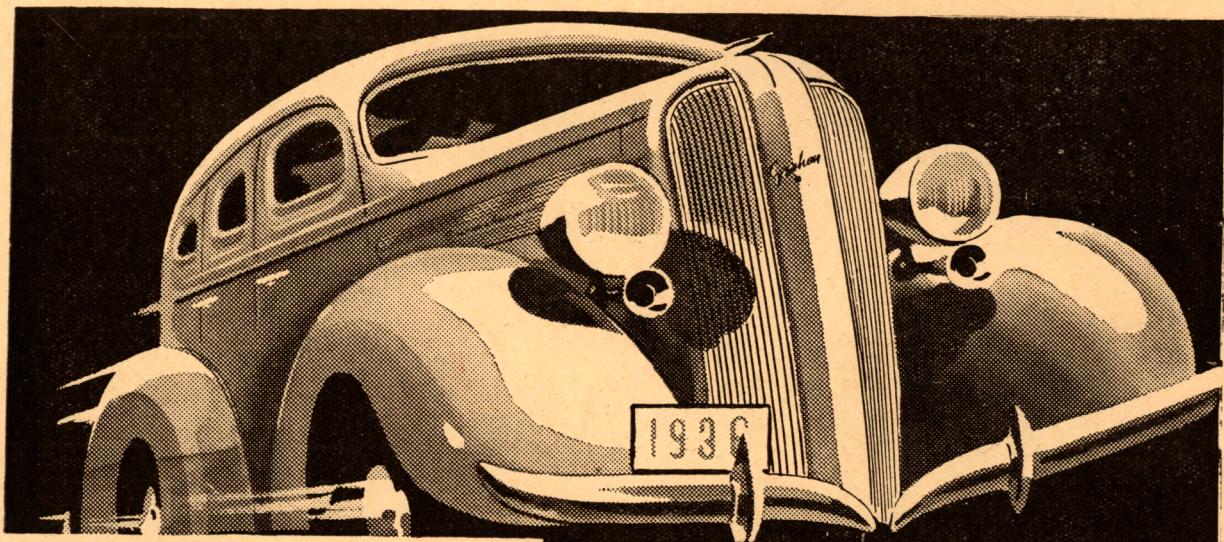
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OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 9. No. 8. 1st October, 1936



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TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY

Established 1858

TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club,
157 Elizabeth St., Sydney*

Vol. 9.

OCTOBER 1, 1936.

No. 8

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Monday, 28th December, 1936 (The Carrington Stakes) and Friday, 1st January, 1937 (Tattersall's Club Cup).

The Club Man's Diary

Fashion experts presaged a gay flaunting of colour among males at the club's September meeting. Blue hats, canary waistcoats, floral ties, and such like harbingers of Spring.

All that happened was the day—a perfectly turned-out design by Mr. Mares—and "Bunny" Nagel's blue hat, flanked in the official stand by a King Edward VIII. straw-decker (owner unknown).

Otherwise, the predicted revolution in raiment phutted in the wardrobes of suburbia.

More's the pity. To be respectably dressed for the races is not enough. It clashes with the colour of the setting. It is almost dispiriting.

The perennial carnation of Mr. L. G. Fraser cannot compensate for the bowler blotches and general sartorial drabness of the male multitude.

We may wonder why some of the big city stores do not marshal male mannequins and parade 'em in the fashion of their elegant female representatives.

And as for the horses—must we wait till another Peter Pan arises to behold a colourful mantle?

It seemed a long time ago since at Randwick we had a sentimental bet on "the Government House horse," which is Satmoth's aristocratic alias.

An old-stager told me that only one horse in history got near to Government House—the famous Yattendon.

He was owned by Mr. E. McEvilly, back in the 'sixties, was stabled at the rear of Parliament House, and exercised in the Domain to the approaches of Government House. It happened so, because Mr. McEvilly was Clerk of Parliament at the time. One of his sons is a club member to-day, and has Yattendon's colours.

However, Satmoth's alias springs from another source—something to do on the side of one of the owners with a family relationship touching the Vice-Regal entourage.

The old horse's win gave great satisfaction owing to the unstinted elation it provided for veteran James Barnes. Congratulations poured in on him, and poured out

on him, even from the ranks of Tuscany—the backers of Wykeham.

A newcomer inquired of me if Mr. W. T. Kerr were the lucky owner. His smile suggested a man who had just swallowed a splendid tonic. It reflected the joy he experienced at the success of his friend.

A trainer is always expected to make the best of his charges, but it was generally conceded that Peter Riddle had turned out Satmoth in particularly fine fettle, and he richly deserved the cheer accorded him.

However, the Trial Hurdle Race may have left us lamenting, we rose refreshed from the official luncheon table ready to make an assault on the ring.

I had been given Brazilian and Scarlet Chip for the next race, and met in the official stand Messrs. Alan Lewis and Parsons, to whom I passed on that information.

It so happened that Mr. Lewis had gone for Brazilian and Mr. Parsons for Scarlet Chip. Both got a thrill, but Mr. Lewis collected.

Still, there are good days coming. I'll let Mr. Parsons in on this. When The Marne scored in the Tramway Handicap, Mr. Otway Faulkner turned to Mr. Dick Wootton and said: "That looks a great tip for the Epsom."

Mala's meteoric pursuit of Gold Rod in the Chelmsford Stakes jolted many hearts among his odds-on supporters. Opinions varied as to whether the champion three-year-old could have raised the extra to go away again, if needs be.

Two good judges in Messrs. W. C. Douglas and "Bunny" Nagel, sitting together, agreed that Gold Rod had the race well in hand.

"But Mala's performance was a great one," Mr. Nagel put in.

It was a great one in another respect. It probably removed from the Derby the aspect of threatening to be a one-horse race, which is never as the majority who go racing would have it.

Mr. Ted Gillin brought out his new binoculars—a gift from Mr. Tim O'Sullivan in India—to spot winners.

Apart from the spot with me, in which he looked through the rim of another glass, I do not know that he did very well. But these things take some adjusting.

Among the groups noted in the moving throng:

The Chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill), Dr. Howard Bullock, Mr. Frank Carberry and Mr. H. C. Bartley; Mr. John Spencer Brunton and Mr. James Barnes; Mr. F. M. Stewart and Mr. "Winalot" White; Mr. Bill Bennett and Capt. Osborne.

My partner at the luncheon was Mr. E. B. Harkness, Under-Secretary of the Chief Secretary's Department, who probably knows as much about politicians, behind scenes, as any man. But, as a trusted public servant, he keeps his thoughts to himself. You may bet generally that they are not ungracious thoughts, for "E. B." is a very human fellow, with a saving sense of humour.



AN IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT FOR MEMBERS.

On Monday, 12th October, at 8 p.m. members will have an opportunity of meeting two of the world's most remarkable golfers, Gene Sarazen (winner of Open Championship of Britain and twice Open Champion of U.S.A., etc.), and Miss Helen Hicks (Canadian Open 1929, Canadian Open (runner-up), American Open 1931, U.S.A. versus Great Britain 1932, American Open (runner-up) 1933, etc., etc., who will give a lecture and demonstration in the Club Room.

Between races, through the courtesy of Mr. George Rowe, I had the opportunity of looking over photographs on the walls of some of the great horses of the past.

A great, upstanding, outstanding fellow took my eye, and I read the simple, yet classic, inscription "Grand Flaneur, The Unbeaten Horse."

Now, that seemed a paradoxical name, for Flaneur in French means an idler or lounger.

When the photograph was taken, Grand Flaneur was doing stud duty at Chipping Norton, the estate of his owner, Hon. W. A. Long.

Holding the unbeaten horse at the time was J. Kelsey (Mr. Rowe believed), a groom well known in his day.

Another photograph was that of Splendour, "out of Bathilde, by Stockwell," holding his head high in the fashion of Malt King of our memory.

Mr. Russell L. Wilson, who, for nine years, served on the office staff of the Club, recently resigned to proceed to India to take up a position under Mr. John Higgins, Stip-

TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

endary Steward to the Royal Calcutta Turf Club.

Mr. Wilson carries with him the best wishes of the members and the staff for his future prosperity and happiness.

Mr. Joe Matthews was extremely unlucky to have been kicked in an eye by a horse on one of the courses, but fortunate in that the consequences were not far more serious. When he strolled into the Club so soon after the occurrence, members commented on his pluck, and complimented him on the fact of his looking so remarkably well, otherwise Joe is built in the never-say-die mould, and has always accepted Fate's throw of the dice without fuss. Perhaps his best tonic on this occasion were the good wishes of his many friends.

The Town Clerk (Mr. Roy Hendy) and his wife have returned after a motor tour covering 2,900 miles in this State, Victoria and South Australia. It was a well-earned holiday, and Mr. Hendy made the most of it in observing progress in the various centres.

He was greatly impressed by the remarkable progress of the Irriga-

tion Settlement at Mildura, the foresight shown by those responsible for the laying out of the Adelaide showground—a credit to the State—and the Hume Weir, where the engineers' prediction that it would not be filled for many years had been proved wrong. He saw water running four feet over the spillway.

October birthdays: Mr. Les Wicks, 4th; Mr. James J. Hackett, 11th; Mr. E. R. Beveridge, 21st; Mr. W. H. Cawsey and Capt. J. Bartlett, 31st.

It is a happy coincidence that the birthdays of Mr. Cawsey and Capt. Bartlett should happen to fall on the one day, as they are close friends.

Mr. Wicks is a prominent "old timer" in the motion-picture industry, in the development of which his personality alone has been an asset.

Mr. Hugh Granger, who died during September, had been a club member since 1926, and in other years, a notable athlete. He left a fine sporting record, and a bright memory among a wide circle of friends.

King's Horses Winning Cups

Mr. A. G. Collins Tells of Racing in England and America

Will Edward VIII yet lead in a Derby winner as his Royal Grandfather did on two occasions?

Mr. A. G. Collins told on his recent return with his wife from a six-months tour of England, America and the Continent of the King's success on the turf.

His Majesty has not had his horses running in his own name, or seen them in action, owing to Court mourning.

Mr. Collins was present at Ascot when the King's colt, Fairey, won the Waterford Stakes (one mile) in a canter, defeating, among others, Taj Akbar, which ran second in the Derby.

About the only excitement that Mr. and Mrs. Collins missed during the tour was the Ormonde fire. They happened to have left the liner at Melbourne, and travelled overland to Sydney.

Summing up a grand time, he tells of race meetings attended in England and America, and cricket matches in England. He formed these impressions:

Racing is much better conducted in Australia than in any other part of the world. Our jockeys also are supreme. Riders of the calibre of McCarten, Cook and Munro would make fortunes in England.

He saw the Derby and the Oaks run at Epsom, and at Ascot witnessed the thrilling battle between the English horse, Quashed, and the American, Omaha. When the gallant brown filly, owned by Lord Stanley, defeated the pride of the U.S.A. over 2½ miles, the great crowd went wild with excitement.

By the way, Quashed provides a classic example of nomenclature, having been by Obliterate from Verdict.

At Sandown Park, Mr. Collins saw Rhodes Scholar—who subsequently failed so lamentably in the St. Leger—win the Eclipse Stakes in very easy fashion. As the result of that victory, Rhodes Scholar started at a short price in the St. Leger, but ran out of a place.

There was a controversy in racing circles and in the Press as to what was the best of a great group of two-year-olds. Among the good ones was Fair Copy, a brown colt by Fairlaw—Composure, owned by Lord Derby.

There were also The Hour, a chestnut colt by Horus—Dunsilla, and Le Grand Duc, by Blenheim—La Donairiere, owned by the Aga Khan. General opinion favoured Early School, a beautiful bay colt, by Felsstead—Quick Rise.

While in England, Mr. Collins was made an honorary member of the M.C.C., Surrey Cricket Club, and Kennington Oval.

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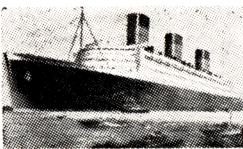
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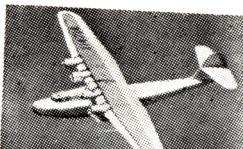
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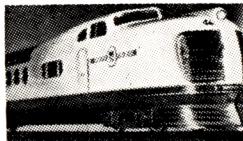
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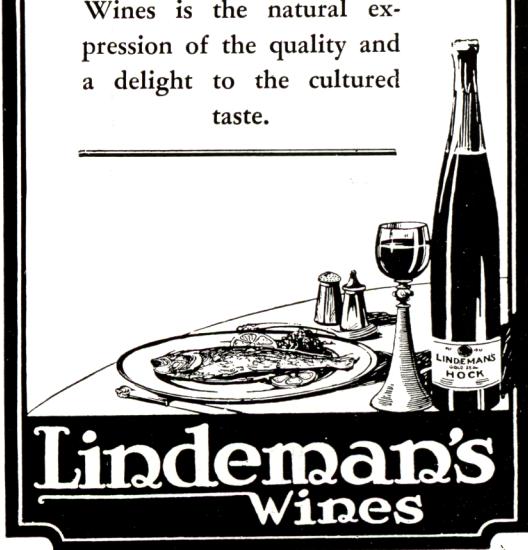
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Turning Back the Clock

Mr. W. C. Alldritt Tells of Old Times and Old-Timers

When we say that his shadow is as elongated, his step as sprightly, as in the 'nineties when, among amateur sprinters of this State he was by general consent speediest, you will pick him in one—Bill Alldritt.

Of cornstalk stature you would adjudge him capable of doing it all over again, specially as he makes pace with the younger generation (partner included) on the ballroom floor of Tattersall's Club.

But Bill Alldritt laughs: "That's 40 years ago—probably a little more."

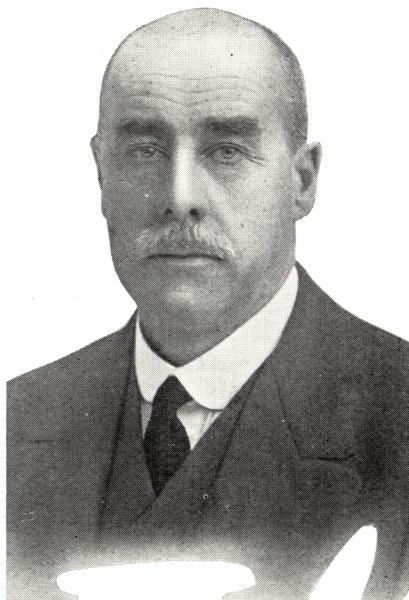
Indeed, 40 years have sped by since, in a famous match on the Agricultural Ground, on a memorable Sunday morning, he finished ahead of none less than the great Billy Macpherson.

Look up Macpherson's records, which stood for many years after his retirement, and you will get a line on the merit of that performance.

Remember, too, that on the following Saturday, Macpherson smashed several records.

"I had to thank my coach, Lou Meyers, the famous American runner, a good deal for my form. I remember also that there was a great crowd and, despite the fact that we were amateurs, a good deal of side-wagering went on," Mr. Alldritt recalled.

Strangely enough, at this passage of time, he is prouder of his win as a youth in a Town Travellers' race over 100 yards at a picnic meeting at Clontarf in the 'eighties.



Mr. W. C. Alldritt.

He was the colt in that tussle, having been associated with a big York Street firm, and then the youngest town traveller in N.S.W.

He likes to recall his races as having been run for the zest of the sport.

Sport, in all fields, has been to him the breath of life, and it is

little wonder that such an inheritance should have been passed on to his two sons.

The turf, however, has been Mr. Alldritt's grand passion.

It is now about 40 years since he was first licensed as a bookmaker at Randwick, and became a member of Tattersall's Club.

He is, in terms of membership, the doyen of fielders, and as he looks back through the corridors of time, he recalls fine sportsmen, great horses and exciting wagering.

He has discovered, on the acid test of experience, that really there's no better man in the world than the true sportsman. He has to measure up to standards that demand qualities of fairness, tolerance, generosity.

Let him fail in one quality, and he flops in all.

When Mr. Alldritt became a member, the club was established in Pitt Street. Before that, Adams' Hotel was the rendezvous of sportsmen. There they talked of prospects, made their wagers, and did their settling.

Among the gallant group were Jock Thompson, Bob Johnston, Jimmy Dobson, and the Deery brothers.

Many of the old-time fielders operated with a little book. The modern paraphernalia, including the bag, was unknown.

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Bob Sutton was first to employ a clerk and use a bag. He started cash betting in Melbourne.

Bob must be about 90 years old now. Recently he went to Hollywood—not to see Mae West, but to take part in a motion picture!

Among fellow members whom Mr. Alldritt recalls when he joined the club are Messrs. Alf Genge, Jack Woods, Billy Pearson, Jack Samuel, A. G. Donovan and Dick Wootton.

When the Rosehill course was opened he went along and backed a double—from memory, Lumeah and Peter.

Among his treasured possessions is a medal struck by, and presented to him, by a sporting bookmaker who had laid him £50 to 1/6 against his placing the horses in a Summer Cup.

Young Alldritt collected the half-hundred and the medal represented a personal token of recognition.

The horses were The Gem, Morpeth, and Sardonyx, and Tommy Neireker rode the winner.

Mr. Alldritt recalls at this stage what a lot of money £50 represented to him.

His best win, following that, was through a Botany Handicap, in which Billy Reed finished ahead of Black 2nd, Cassmar 3rd (still alive at Mudgee) and "Moss Vale" Smith 4th. He secured 33 to 1 and collected £900.

Talking of acquisition, Mr. Alldritt produced a bank book issued by the old G.S.B. in its Barrack Street days. Under date of February 1, 1882, he deposited £69.

The clerk, in opening the account, wanted to know the occupation of the depositor.

"Gentleman," came the ready reply—and solemnly the clerk entered it!

Switching back in the conversation to running, Mr. Alldritt was asked to name the greatest sprinter.

He declared for McGarrigal, with Samuels (the aboriginal) next.

Among amateurs, he reckoned the Englishman, Abrahams, the best he had seen up to 1929. In that year Abrahams beat all the Americans at Wembley, winning the 100 yards, 200 yards and broad jump.

As to the greatest horse?

"Well, at this stage, I'm not eager to be pulled into the Carbine-Phar Lap controversy. Anyhow, it's impossible to compare the old with the modern. Conditions have changed so materially; not only conditions, but training technique, styles of riding and courses.

"But in my young days, Carbine, Melos, Abercorn and Marvel were considered real champions."

"Then, those days, great horses—Carbine in particular—were saddled up twice in the one afternoon.

"I saw a horse named Peter win three races on the one day at Wollongong."

Mr. Alldritt recalled that the first book he ever made was in conjunction with Mr. George Bloxham on the Summer Cup-Tattersall's Cup double. They scooped the pool.

He was reluctant to talk of the good fellows he had met for fear of omitting many and unwittingly doing an injustice.

But an incident in which Mr. Ned Moss figured stands out.

Mr. Alldritt had had a bad day at Randwick. Winning punters were crowding round him after the last race. As one was paid another

eagerly pushed his ticket forward.

Ned Moss appeared on the scene at that stage—also to collect. Taking in the scene he advanced and said:

"Bill, forget about me. It'll do some other time."

There was no need to take advantage of that generous offer.

"But," related Mr. Alldritt, "it was typical of Ned, whose generosity in various avenues is too well known to need any special words of mine here.

"I simply record the incident as a tribute to the sportsmanship I have encountered among those who go racing, and which was typified so splendidly by one of the good fellows."

Concluding, Mr. Alldritt said that he regarded Tattersall's Club as the finest institution of its kind in the world, without exception.

"One has only to travel to appreciate that," he added.

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Second Fifty Years

Australian Jockey Club .: Progress and Changes

During the second fifty years of racing conducted by the Australian Jockey Club, so many changes were made that it is difficult to chronicle them all in an abbreviated history.

The salient points of this record of the activities of the premier club were the appointment of stipendiary stewards to control race meetings, the installation of the totalisator as a medium of betting, and then only comparatively recently, the joining up of what was regarded previously as unregistered racing with that under the control of the A.J.C.

The late eighties were particularly eventful years and still full of progress, Nordenfeld being a notable importation from New Zealand who performed creditably for Mr. James White. The condition of the race track also came in for some criticism again, which appears to be just a recurring matter, after all. The spring of 1887 saw three fine colts placed in the Derby, Abercorn, Niagara, and the Australian Peer. The Australian Peer turned the tables on the pair in the Victorian Derby, and in the Autumn won the Sydney Cup with 8.6 after Abercorn had beaten him in the St. Leger.

The first real test of the A.J.C. control of racing came in 1888, when the Rosehill Club attempted

to race on a day previously held by the Hawkesbury Club. The result was a re-allocation of days generally, the number applied for by the proprietary clubs being cut down. The Rosehill Club demurred and

Rosehill Club that it had been de-registered. A meeting in April had to be cancelled by the Rosehill body, which applied again for and was granted re-registration. In this year also there was a further tightening up in the registration of bookmakers. Just a year later, in 1889, the registration of trainers and jockeys was instituted.

Looking back at the report of the annual meeting of 1889, there is a modern touch with some criticism of the stewards—honorary in those days—and talk of crooked racing at Randwick. There was an opinion expressed that no man should act as a steward who owned horses or wagered on races. The remarks were not well-received, while a motion that the outside gates be open to the public was ruled out of order.

The autumn of 1889 was a vintage season, Carbine winning his first Sydney Cup from Melos and Abercorn, while other top-notchers about were Rudolph, Russler and Dreadnought.

Carbine had 9.9 in the next year's Sydney Cup, but he prevailed again from Mantilla and Melos, winning also at the meeting, the Autumn Stakes, and All-Aged and Cumberland Stakes on the third day on a rain-soaked track, and the A.J.C.



Mr. George T. Rowe,
Secretary of the A.J.C.

questioned the authority of the A.J.C. The answer came speedily from the senior body informing the



The Stands, 1902.

The Famous Old-Time Cricketer, Mr. Harry Hilliard, Gatekeeper at Crossing.



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Plate on the concluding day. Even a Carbine was not kept in cotton-wool with five races in four days, two of them wet and cold. Carbine was again on deck at the following Spring meeting, winning the Spring Stakes in an unusual finish, for the three nearest to him, Melos, Sir William and Gresford, dead-heated for second. Carbine won the Craven Plate in the then record time—2.7—for the race, getting up in the last few strides to head Megaphone, who had tried to run away from the champion.

The sensation of the Autumn meeting of 1891 was the defeat of Carbine in the All Aged Stakes. For some reason on a rain-softened track, it was decided to send him out bare-footed, while Marvel, his main antagonist, was plated. The advantage was demonstrated, for Marvel led all the way and won easily, with Carbine unable to obtain a grip of the track. Duly plated for the Cumberland Stakes later in the day, Carbine made short work of his only rival, Marvel. As Marvel had won an Epsom Handicap with 10.2, there was no reason to doubt his class. Modern race-goers can assess him as about the equal of Chatham. In a field of 36, Marvel then put up 10.4 and won the Doncaster Handicap by a head from St. Blaize, and started at 16 to 1.

The year 1892 saw the largest annual meeting held in January. It is worth noting that the finances had flourished to such a degree that the balance-sheet showed a credit of £50,646. The club had a fixed deposit of £5,000, and the added money for the season was round about £24,000. The year 1894, however, due to depression—or a bad season with a slump in business—forced the club to retrench. The days at Randwick from 1894 to 1900 varied between fourteen and fifteen, the added money dropping in 1898 to £22,050, but in 1900 it reached £23,475.

The death of Hon. James White was a big loss to racing in Australia, and the late T. Payten's Newmarket stables were not so strong in consequence. The compiler of the first Australian Stud Book, Mr. W. C. Yuille, died in July, 1894, and in

the same month Mr. William Gannon, the A.J.C. starter, passed away. He was regarded as one of the most capable officials of the days before the adoption of the starting barrier, and he was the owner of many good horses, winning the Melbourne Cup with Arsenal in 1896. In the same year died the crack cross-country rider, Thomas Corrigan.

In 1894 the club decided for the jockeys that cleanliness should be encouraged, and it goes to the credit of Mr. Sam Kennedy that it was on his suggestion that a bathroom was provided in the jockeys' quarters at Randwick. Not so much appreciated by the riders was a general scaling down of fees, the losing fee being reduced from £3 to £2. There was a rather extraordinary suggestion at the meeting the following year to rescind the regulations prohibiting jockeys from owning or having any interest in the ownership of horses. Naturally this was ruled out of order.

Just at this time death was taking its toll heavily of men to whom the credit must be given of building up racing to its present level in New South Wales. Mr. H. C. White and the handicapper, Mr. J. A. Scarr, answered the last call. Mr. White was an enterprising owner, for in addition to being a liberal patron of racing at home, he sent to England, Paris, Old Clo, Georgie, Form and Spark, winning, among a number of good races, the Cambridgeshire. Mr. Scarr was recognised as a most capable official and was followed by Mr. H. A. Thompson as handicapper and stipendiary steward. Mr. Thompson, due to failing health, did not hold the position long, for he resigned in 1897 and from a long list of applicants Mr. John Daly was appointed.

It is claimed by the A.J.C. historian that the red ribbon used to decorate Carnage, the St. Leger winner of 1896, was the first of its kind either in England or Australia. It would be interesting to know how the name really originated. The ribbon used for Carnage was made locally by one of the leading city firms of to-day.

The year 1899 marked the end of 40 years at Randwick. Seven meetings were held for fourteen days'

racing, with 1,049 starters. The right of collecting the 1/- fee at the outside gates was still tendered for. Forty-six bookmakers were licensed in the Paddock, thirty-two in the Leger and twenty-two on the Flat. The other clubs were still restive under A.J.C. control, which was set more than ever against pony and galloway racing. Similarly, bookmakers, who had a shop business as well as course licenses, were under review, but no immediate action was taken.

The annual meeting of 1900 was productive of much interest for these days. It was described as lively. A steeplechase course had been formed and the Department of Public Works had submitted plans to bring the trams almost to the Paddock. This was to cost the club the ridiculous sum of £918/4/11. The construction of the Bligh Street office was proceeding apace. It was occupied the following year, and the Totalisator Bill submitted to Parliament had been approved by the committee. The totalisator, however, did not come for nearly another twenty years.

Mr. P. J. Hourigan suggested that all inquiries by the stewards be open to the Press, but his was a lone voice. It has been much the same ever since, and is likely to remain.

Apparently the control of racing by stipendiary stewards was first suggested at this meeting. A motion to this effect, that they should number five, with one to act at all meetings in the metropolitan area, lapsed for want of a seconder, but the seed was sown. A year later, in order that appellants could go to a fresh body, three members of the committee were appointed stewards, the remainder of the committee hearing appeals, if any, of suspended or disqualified persons.

On August 7, 1901, it was resolved "That stipendiary stewards be appointed to officiate at all race meetings held within the metropolitan area." On September 2 it was decided to appoint these officials at a salary of £500 a year, and on December 11, from 133 applicants, after a discussion of nine hours, Messrs. A. W. Pearson, A. W. Hilton and J. D. Witham were appointed. Their first meeting was at

Moorefield on January 3, 1903, and their only job on that day was a fine for wrong colours.

The stewards did not remain long in office, for early in 1904 they were informed that the club intended to terminate their agreement, the result being the resignation of the officials. In answer to applications for the vacant positions, eighty names were submitted, the committee appointing the late Mr. L. G. Rouse and the late Mr. J. McMahon.

The year 1900 was prolific in good horses, Wakeful winning the Doncaster Handicap and finishing third in the Sydney Cup, Advance the Autumn and All Aged Stakes, and La Carabine the Cumberland and All Aged Stakes.

In 1901, in response to a deputation from Tattersall's Club and leading trainers, Tattersall's Spring meeting was brought forward to a fortnight before the A.J.C. Spring meeting, instead of subsequent to that fixture.

The Spring meeting of 1901 was remarkable for the riding feat of F. Kuhn, who steered nine winners in seventeen mounts, including the Epsom-Metropolitan double on Sequence and San Fran. Sequence, with 9.8, ran away with the mile, the official margin being ten lengths, while on Game Boy with 10.7 in the Suburban Handicap, Kuhn just cantered in. The meeting was the first time that the present days of Saturday, Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday were utilised for a Spring meeting.

On October 26 of the same year, died that great jockey Tom Hales. He had long retired from the saddle and was residing at Moonee Ponds, in Melbourne. From 1872 to 1894 he had 1,678 mounts and rode 496 winners. His greatest performance was to bring home eleven winners out of 14 races at the V.R.C. Autumn meeting of 1888.

The progress of the various racing clubs in Sydney was shown by some figures published in 1902, in all £46,080 in prize money being paid out. Of this, the A.J.C.'s share was £24,770, Tattersall's Club £3,000, and the various proprietary clubs from £3,600 to £2,700. The issue of licenses showed that there were 59 jockeys, 42 trainers for

Randwick, and 25 for other courses, 45 Paddock bookmakers, 49 in the Leger and 27 on the Flat.

Clever riding by the late James Barden is commented on by the historians first in 1903, when, at the Spring meeting on the outsider Ibex he beat those two great gallopers Wakeful and Cruciform.

Just about this time also, Mr. Tom Watson resigned from his position as starter. A conference of the various Sydney Clubs decided to appoint Mr. Harry Mackellar at a salary of £500, half to be paid by the A.J.C. He acted first at Rosehill on August 20.

It was not until January 1, 1905, that the registration of racehorses was insisted on, Mr. A. P. Wilson, now chief stipendiary steward in Brisbane, being the first registrar. Apparently he was a hardy man in those days, for at the Autumn meeting the judge Mr. Charles Perry, dying suddenly, Mr. Wilson acted on the last day, his brother, the present handicapper, Mr. G. F. Wilson, acting as clerk of scales.

Sir Colin Stephen early in July, 1905, first took his official position in the A.J.C. Mr. Fitzwilliam Wentworth resigned and nominated Mr. Stephen, as he was then, as his successor. This was duly approved by the committee, and Sir Colin has been one of the governors of the club since then.

The Spring meeting of 1905 was the notable one for New Zealand horses, Noctuiform, Isolet, Nightfall, Sun God, Gladsome, Machine Gun, and Mamapoto winning all the big races, L. H. Hewitt being the successful rider in eight. It was the greatest trip taken by the late R. J. Mason, and his patron of that time, the late Mr. G. G. Stead.

Periodically the existence of pony and galloway racing agitated the senior club, and in 1907 the late Sir Adrian Knox suggested an amendment of the rules permitting the consideration of applications from people wishing to change to the registered code of racing. Amongst those who applied successfully were the well-known trainers of to-day, I. H. Andrews, J. Carey, and H. England.

Although the present secretary of the A.J.C., Mr. G. T. Rowe, began at the A.J.C. office in 1900, it was

not until 1907 that he attracted attention by his statistics covering racing throughout N.S.W. for the previous season. Mr. Rowe had thus carried on the family tradition from his grandfather, also Mr. G. T. Rowe, a steward and honorary secretary in 1857, and his father, the late Mr. G. W. S. Rowe, an official for 50 years.

On October 30 of 1907, the late Sir Adrian Knox took up the position of chairman following the resignation of Mr. R. James.

The years at this stage were just those of steady progress, and for the jubilee year of 1910 the club planned something well worth while, but owing to ill-health, the secretary, Mr. T. C. Clibborn, was compelled to resign before seeing through the celebrations. Mr. C. W. Cropper, then secretary of the Kalgoorlie Club in West Australia, was appointed in July, a position he held until his death in 1932. The late Mr. Cropper commenced his duties in September, handling the Jubilee Spring meeting, the prize-money for which was £27,215, as against the £1,335 of 50 years before. The increased prize-money naturally was reflected in the yearling sales, for in 1910, 385 lots realised 74,877 guineas. J. Pike had the honour of riding the last winner of the first fifty years of racing at Randwick, Blue Gem in the A.J.C. Handicap.

Last month he saddled up his first runner as a trainer. From 1910 to the present day the A.J.C. has generally progressed. During the boom years succeeding the great war, a minimum prize of £1,000 for flat races was reached, but then came the lean years of the late 1920's. Sound guidance, however, kept the club well afloat, Sir Colin Stephen taking over the reins of government on the retirement of Sir Adrian Knox in 1919.

The year 1919 was rather a momentous year, officially, for not only was there a change of chairmen, but Mr. G. F. Wilson succeeded Mr. John Daly as handicapper, and the present secretary, Mr. G. T. Rowe, was appointed assistant secretary. In 1932, on the death of Mr. C. W. Cropper, Mr. Rowe, on the unanimous vote of the committee, was appointed secretary.

(Continued on Page 14.)

The Vagaries of Breeding Thoroughbreds

(By A. Knight, "Musket")

Students of thoroughbred breeding have oft-times some difficult problems to solve, as, for instance, why the relatives of a champion are so much below him (or her) in



Mr. A. W. Thompson.

form. The late Bruce Lowe wrote a book which, in his own words, "would reduce failures to a minimum" if breeders adopted the figure system which he had propounded, with the help of the late Mr. Frank Reynolds, the one-time breeder of thoroughbreds at Tocal Stud, on the Paterson River, in this State. Mr. Lowe was a most unassuming and conscientious student of breeding, and in his book "Breeding on the Figure System," went to great pains to point out how the thoroughbred could be improved if breeders would mate their mares with stallions of certain family numbers. He regarded the best sires as those coming from families Nos. 3, 8, 11, 12 and 14; while the mares most suitable to breed from belonged to the families 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. He also asserted that the best mares took after their sires, and the best colts after their dams, and gave several instances to prove his reasoning.

Bruce Lowe died in 1893, and since then the number of failures has been quite as large as before, despite the fact that the theory of breeding to the figure system was

largely adopted in this country. It was also adopted in other countries, but since the book was written there have been so many great horses bred from what might be termed "outside family numbers" that the figure system has fallen into disuse. Said a successful Irish breeder once: "Mate your mares with the most successful stallions and you can shut your eyes to the rest." That appears to



Mr. H. S. Thompson.

be the only system with a degree of certainty attached to it, though even that does not assure success. The inscrutable mysteries of nature are too well hidden for any man to evolve a system which can ensure success in the breeding of thoroughbreds or any other class of animal.

Regarding sire numbers, the most successful sire in Australia to-day is Heroic, and he is a No. 1 which, according to Bruce Lowe, is a feminine number. Limond, the imported son of Desmond (16) was for years prior to his death the most successful stallion in New Zealand, and he was a No. 1; as was also Martian, another renowned New Zealand sire. To go back a few years, there

was The Welkin, an imported member of the No. 19 family, who was a tremendous success in Victoria 20 years ago, and the best of the many great horses he sired was Gloaming, who was from a No. 26 mare. Had the breeder of Gloaming been a disciple of the Bruce Lowe system, Gloaming would never have been foaled, nor would several other great horses, who came from outside numbers, such as Barcaldine (23), Isonomy (19), Ormonde (16) and Gallinule (19), just to mention a few of the successful progenitors of the English and Irish blood stock, which supply the racing world with the strains from which to breed.

For over 30 years the Bend Or line has outdistanced all other lines in England, and Bend Or was a No. 1. According to the Bruce Lowe theory, breeders should have fought shy of this exceptional stallion because he did not belong to the gilt-



Mr. Percy Miller.

edged figures. Nor should Heroic, Limond, Martian and others of the No. 1 family, including Rossendale, have been successful sires; but they all were, despite the fact that they belonged to running families instead of sire lines.

In fairness to Bruce Lowe, it has to be admitted that he did not assert no horse with a number out-

side those he selected could be a success as a sire; but his advice was to choose as brood mares those with the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, and mate them with stallions of the 3,

home, and you can have him and the horse in the dogcart for Deadlock." The offer was accepted, and Deadlock, a member of the No. 3 family, was mated with Isonomy



WINDBAG.
By Magpie (imp.)—Charleville.

8, 11, 12, and 14 families. Well, had that advice been slavishly followed, many of the world's greatest horses would never have seen the light of day.

Chance-Bred Champions.

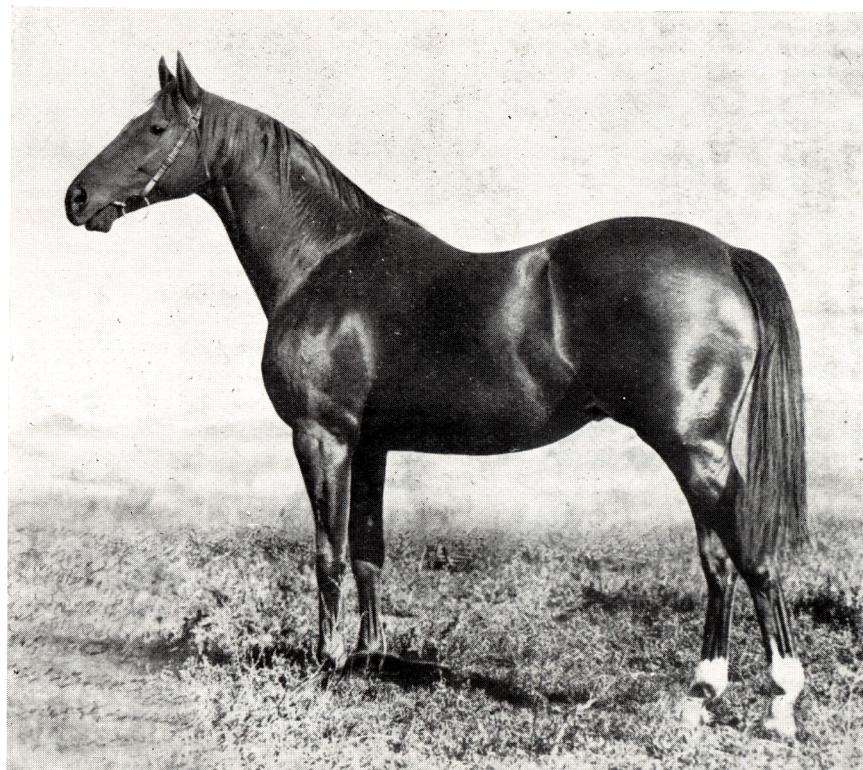
As a matter of fact, some of the greatest horses owe their existence to chance. Isinglass, though he was a No. 3, which is Bruce Lowe's favourite family number, as it is regarded as a running and a sire line, was bred as a result of a conversation between the Duchess of Montrose and his breeder, Colonel H. McCalmont. In discussing the merits of the stallion Wenlock as a sire of brood mares, the Duchess said that the name Wenlock spelt success in any brood mare. The Colonel remembered having sold a Wenlock mare named Deadlock to a neighbouring farmer, and after the conversation with the Duchess he made an endeavour to get the mare back. Calling on the farmer, he tried to re-purchase Deadlock, but was not successful at first. The farmer accompanied the Colonel to the gate of his farm, when he was attracted by the fine-looking horse in the Colonel's dogcart, and asked if it was for sale. Said the Colonel: "I have a young draught colt at

(19) and one of her foals to that horse was Isinglass, who started in 12 races for 11 wins, including what is known as the Triple Crown—the

Two Thousand Guineas, Derby and St. Leger—and until three years ago his winnings of £58,655 stood as the world's record earnings of any thoroughbred. Had it not been for the conversation referred to, it is certain that Isonomy and Deadlock would never have been mated, and consequently there would have been no Isinglass.

About six years ago there was a horse in America (I forget his name) who won several of the most important races. A student of breeding was curious to know how the breeder came to select the sire of this racehorse as a mate to the mare, and inquired to that effect. The reply he received was that the sire of his winner was nearer by 100 miles to his place than any other horse he fancied.

Then there was the case of the English Derby and Oaks winner Signorinetta, owned by the Italian sportsman Chevalier Ginistrelli. Being disappointed in securing a service to one of the fashionable sires of the time, the Chevalier was undecided which horse to mate the mare Signora with. Every morning Signora was taken for a walk as exercise, and on passing the property



HEROIC.
By Valais (imp.)—Chersonese (imp.).

where the stallion Chaleureux was located, the horse whinnied, and the mare returned the whinny. The Chevalier took this as a sign of love at first sight, and so sent Signora to the horse, with the result that four years later he had the unspeakable joy of leading in the winner of the Derby and Oaks owing to those equine salutations.

Yet another instance of chance mating was that of Flying Fox, who, like Isinglass, was a Triple Crown hero. The Duke of Westminster, breeder of Flying Fox, was asked by a gentleman some years earlier if he had a mare for sale, and the Duke sold him the mare Vampire for the sum of 300 guineas, who was a perfect vampire in nature. The new owner complained to the Duke of her devilish disposition, when he was told to return her and get his money back. Vampire returned to Eaton Lodge when the mating season had commenced, and the manager of the stud suggested that she pay a visit to Orme. The Duke had already decided that Orme should be restricted to ten mares that season, and was at first loth to agree to the manager's suggestion. Finally he said: "One extra mare will make no difference, so mate them." And that is how the great Flying Fox came to be foaled; and his name is now to be found in the pedigrees of the world's most successful stallions to-day.

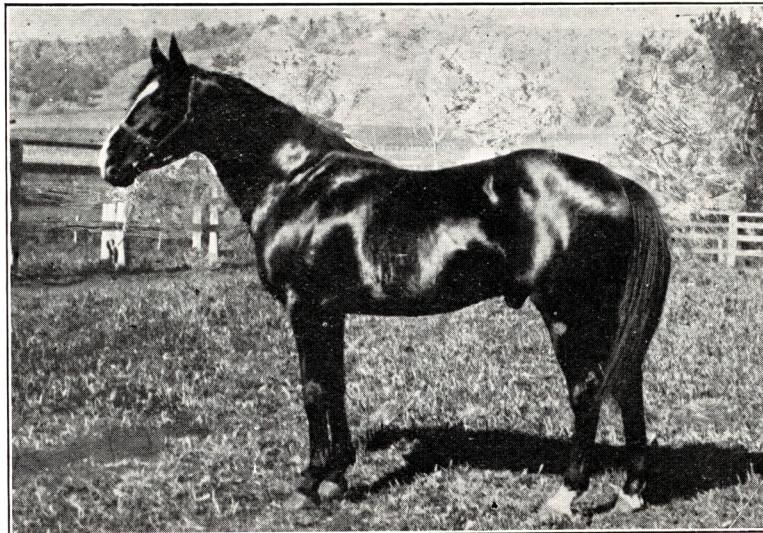
Even Peter Pan is Chance-Bred.

Peter Pan, one of the best horses of recent years, owes his origin to chance, and it came about in this way. Mr. Percy Brown, of Randwick Lodge, Whittingham, was desirous of sending three mares to the imported horse Pantheon, who was at Kia-Ora Stud, Scone. In order to fill the horse truck with four animals, he suggested to Mr. Dangar's manager that he send a mare also, and it was decided to fill up the truck with Alwina, dam of Peter Pan, with the result that Mr. Rodney Dangar became the proud owner of one of the grandest horses that ever looked through a bridle.

Quite a number of other instances could be cited to illustrate the luck of breeding worth-while racehorses, but enough has been given here to show that chance

plays a prominent part in producing great performers. Over-racing may be the cause of some sires and mares never reproducing offspring of their own excellence; and in the

male line a sire is seldom successful before he is six years of age or after he is 18. But even that theory has been exploded over and over again. For instance, some of the



ROSSENDALE (imp.).
By St. Frusquin—Menda.

case of mares it has been found that a large percentage of successful performers have proved barren at the stud, and very few have ever produced foals to be compared with themselves. Three of the best Australasian mares were La Carabine, Wakeful and Cruciform, though the list could be lengthened by including Quiver, Gladsome, and Desert Gold. All of these mares were of exceptional merit on the racecourse, but none produced anything like her own class. Nightmare, a son of Wakeful, certainly won a Melbourne Cup at five years of age when he had the featherweight of 6.9 on his back. What Wakeful herself would have done to a Melbourne Cup field with such a weight it would be a shame to say. The excellence of Desert Gold may be perpetuated through her daughters at the stud, for one of them in Oreum has produced a wonder in Gold Rod. But the other mares mentioned have done nothing to improve the speed of the thoroughbred, and there can be no gainsaying that horses are becoming faster every year, as scarcely a season goes by but what some fresh record is established.

Perpetuating the Male Line.

There are writers on turf matters who aver that for perpetuating the

best two-year-olds of last season were by Magpie and Rossendale. The latter was foaled in 1912, and Magpie in 1914; so that both would have been well over 18 years of age when they were mated with the dams of 1935-36 two-year-olds. However, there can be no doubt that the majority of stallions are past their prime when they have turned 18; but Talking, son of Magpie, and Rostrim, son of Rossendale, have proved that there can be exceptions to the rule.

In this country there does not appear to be any way of perpetuating a male line, as the racehorse appears to deteriorate as a sire when three or four generations from imported parents. As a matter of fact, very few of the practical breeders will entertain the thought of having an Australian-bred horse in his stud, unless he has imported parents on both sides of his pedigree. During the last 20 years such high-class performers as Poitrel, Biplane, Cetigne, Kennaquahair, Woorak, Beragoon, and Malt King were given excellent opportunities in good studs, but not one of them ever produced any horse within measurable distance of his own class, with the possible exception of Woorak, who made a meteoric

start as a stallion, but dropped back into oblivion after his third year at the stud.

Heroic has been a great success, but he was by an imported horse from an imported mare. Windbag has also done very well, and he has imported blood on only one side of his pedigree in the first generation. Since the monetary exchange has been to the disadvantage of Australian importers, more Australian-bred sires have been given opportunities than for many a year; and when the offspring of Chatham, Koomeela, and Theo measure strides with those of imported stallions, it may be found that the Australian stallion has come into his own at last. But experience of the past teaches that the best two and three-year-olds of each season are those by imported sires, notwithstanding the fact that Heroic, Windbag, and Rampion have done remarkably well in that respect.

To be a successful breeder, however, is another matter, and cannot be controlled by figures. The only road to success in that direction—

and even that is by no means certain—is to accept the advice of the successful Irish breeder mentioned earlier, and to mate the best blood with the best blood and leave Nature to do the rest—or, in the Irishman's words, to "shut our eyes."

SECOND FIFTY YEARS

(Continued from Page 10.)

The year 1931 saw the deaths of the chief stipendiary steward, Mr. John McMahon, and one of his assistants, Mr. F. W. Coombes. Mr. L. G. Frazer then became chairman, assisted by Messrs. Williams and Temperley.

In December of 1916 the totalisator being made legal, the club arranged for installation in the three enclosures, with provision for 42 horses. The estimate originally was £50,000, but that sum was well exceeded. It was hoped to have the machines ready for Tattersall's meeting in September of 1917, but only that in the Paddock was finished in time, those in the Leger and on the Flat not being ready until the A.J.C.

meeting in December. For the first year, or part of the year, the sum of £500,152 was invested, the committee and the public being pleased with the arrangements and the service.

At the Spring meeting of Tattersall's Club in 1935, the change was made to barometers and the most modern mechanism. Thus Tattersall's Club had not only the first use of the totalisator at Randwick, but the privilege also of the first modernised machine.

On January 1, 1933, the amalgamation of all racing interests was brought about, the chairman, Sir Colin Stephen, being consulted by the newly elected Government led by Mr. B. S. B. Stevens in the allocation of racing dates. All the old pony clubs came under the A.J.C. regime, ending a division of racing control which had existed for well over half a century. The new order soon became an accepted fact, and so in 1936 the A.J.C. is left, steadily climbing again to the highest level of prize-money and in complete control of all racing in the State of New South Wales.

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A Group of Rural Identities

Mr. Fred C. Capel.

When it comes to finding a property where finer and better merino wool is grown than on "Piedmont," Cobbadah, N.S.W., you have started on a long, long trail, for this property enjoys, and deserves, the reputation of being able to produce merino wool second to none in the world, and that's saying something. Nobody seems to be able to definitely fix the date when this property was acquired by the Capel family, but everybody knows that its present owner and manager, Fred C. Capel, has not only followed the old family traditions of capable management, but has, if anything, set a higher standard. The old homestead and shearing shed are land marks in the Barraba-Bingara district. Some of the buildings are still covered with the original shingles, whilst the whole scheme of architecture is on a massive scale not met with in structures of modern times. The new homestead, however, does not follow on these lines, and is modern and up-to-date.

Mr. Archie Baker.

If you should ever be travelling the main road which leads from Bundarra to Armidale (N.S.W.) you will, shortly after leaving the first-named township, pass through a vista of some of the finest pastoral country to be found in N.S.W., and if your gaze should wander to a spot a mile or so to the left, you will notice a pile of red-roofed buildings. You will have been travelling through the famous New England pastoral property known as "Laura," and the buildings represent the homestead of its noted owner and our fellow member, Archie Baker. Famous alike for its sheep and cattle, "Laura" stock and wool are freely acknowledged to be the best New South Wales knows how to produce. The property has been owned and controlled by members of the Baker family for generations, who have developed and improved it up to its present standard. In this work, Archie has a no less

distinguished record than any of his predecessors.

Mr. J. Y. Black.

President of the Moree Amateur Picnic Race Club, N.S.W., squire of the "Wathagar" broad acres, a noted pastoral property in the Moree district, and one who takes an active interest and prominent part in all local movements which concern the advancement of the district, sums up in a few words just a few of the activities which serve to distinguish J. Y. Black, member of the well-known family of pioneer and present pastoral identities in New South Wales. For many years a member of the Black Bros., partnership which owned large pastoral interests in the Wallangra district (northern-western N.S.W.), he decided to settle in the Moree district several years ago, purchased "Glenmore" property, added to it a few surrounding smaller holdings, and when the amalgamation was complete, named the whole "Wathagar." Travellers along the main Moree-Collarenebri road pass at the 21-mile peg from Moree a number of modern well-cared-for buildings which might easily be mistaken for a country village. It's the "Wathagar" homestead and out-buildings.

Mr. P. J. (Pat) Morrisey.

Mention the word cattle in the presence of a body of graziers, and somehow it seems the most natural thing in the world for the name Morrisey to flash into their minds, and find expression in some reference to the Morrisey family. If this name is mentioned, it would surprise if the name of P. J. (Pat) Morrisey, is not mentioned, because of the fact that his connection in the world of cattle has lead him, at one time or another, to every part of the Commonwealth, and other lands as well. What Pat does not know about cattle, their different breeds, habits and characteristics, nobody need care to learn. It would be an easy task anyhow, for he knows them all. If you should ever meet Pat in a story-telling mood—and that's nearly always—

you are in for a treat, and will probably learn more about Australian conditions than you will ever discover in the study of all the text books on the subject ever written. Pat's home-life now centres around a spot in the Murrurundi (N.S.W.) district.

Mr. Wm. A. Cole.

With a reputation of being the best secretary the Inverell Rifle Club had ever known, and still greater for being one of those who never undertook a job without carrying it to a successful conclusion, Wm. A. Cole, came to Moree (N.S.W.) nearly twenty years ago to join the well-known firm of solicitors, Stirton and Moodie, as chief clerk. Billy Moodie, principal of the firm, was soon to realise that his new clerk possessed outstanding ability, and when Moodie came to the City to reside, the firm's name became Moodie, Cole and Co., and the name-plate over the door of its offices to-day remains the same. Billy Cole is now recognised as one of Moree's leading legal lights, and its social and public life know him as a worth-while citizen with high ideals. Ever ready to lend his aid in the promotion of deserving local public activities, he is one of the township's most popular men.



Golf Notes

A good field faced the starters in ideal golfing conditions for the second event of the Final Competition for the Henry E. Coleman Bowl, at Manly on 17th September.

The best card of the day was returned by E. Lashmar, who came back to the fold after a considerable absence to win the B Grade Trophy with a 38 Stableford.

Roy Barmby won the A Grade with 35.

A new Club member, J. G. O'Brien, was one of the lucky sweep winners, and his partner for the day, Ken. Williams, was the other.

The festivities at the nineteenth were carried out in the usual manner under the chairmanship of W. A. Boyd.

Clothes and The Man

How Modern Evening Dress Derives from Our Ancestors' Tail-Swinging Stunts on the Tree Tops.

Shouldn't a man decently dressed in black be sartorially qualified to go anywhere? And if not, why not?

No man with sufficient balance to refrain from wearing a Henry VIII. costume at a race meeting or a church bazaar can explain why he should go to the theatre disguised as a waiter or an undertaker's off-sider. Yet he does it, and extracts pleasure from the mental and physical misery it enacts of his irrationalism.

Neither can the man who refuses to wear the boots of a deep-sea pilot at a wedding explain why he cannot approach the Governor dressed as when he interviews the president of the Millions Club or the secretary of the Ratepayers' Association.

He is a democrat, and would be very annoyed were you to chide him with grovelling before the dictates of that fastidious old fop, Good Form, who has been living on the game long enough.

Let any theatre manager demand that each patron represent a character, say, in history, before being admitted. What an outcry there would be! What talk of oppression! "Do you think that we are a lot of silly women, sir?"

Yet an order of that kind would relieve the awful monotony of a distressing array of citizens who present the appearance of waiters with one ear on the dialogue and the other on the dinner bell. Or of a

mournful gathering of undertakers' assistants in attendance at a communal interment.

Yet the objector struggles willingly into a boiler-plate shirt and collar, and a cutaway coat with ridiculous tails that make him imagine he is in a straightjacket—as he deserves to be!

The miserable wretch cannot turn to recognise a friend without risk of being subjected to an excruciating pinch by his impossible collar, or bursting his bulging boiled shirt, which essays to force his collar over his ears.

When the primitive human being was invited out to dine, owing to the inviter's tribe having just killed a lot of the enemy in prime condition, he put on a thick shirt and tough skin to protect his own self, in case the convivial proceedings ran to fighting. In unthinking memory thereof, he now armours his body for festive occasions with a shirt having a white-pine front.

And apparently because the remote ancestors ascribed to us by some savants swung their tails as they sat on the tree tops and masticated a find of nuts, to-day we are not dressed for company unless our coats have the two streaming tails.

Should a person take a sea trip to another capital, the farce and the misery and the hypocrisy are repeated on a holiday occasion.

He is not satisfied unless he books

on a boat where "dress for dinner" is compulsory.

He does not enjoy his meals, but he feels that he is not of the common, comfortable multitude, relishing a pork chop in an Assam silk suit.

And he is happy in his misery!

So also in the case of a trip to the Mountains in the summer, when the natural impulse is to shed the stiff and suffocating habiliments of the conventional city for the garb of easy life and fresh air, touched with the champagne flavour of the sun.

It is not a holiday in the sense of easing his weary bones and relaxing mental tension. He would have been happier in a singlet and ducks turned up at the bottoms.

Such is the freeman enslaved by fashion; the democrat chained by convention; the pleasure-seeker pinched by torture; the tired man burdened by formality; the unconventionalist who despises the cocked hat of vice-royalty, and the embalmed animals that swathe the forms and hang from the necks of women of fashion.

Why not revolt in the cause of common comfort?

Why not insist that a man dressed in clean clothes is a man dressed for any company, and able (like Wellington's Peninsula Army) to go anywhere, and do anything?

—The Club Man's Valet.

The Drink of Good Fellowship
VICTORIA BITTER



Billiards

Club Tournaments in Full Swing — State Titles Go the Other Way — Hans Robertson's Cup of Woe — Australian Title.

The past month has been a busy one for billiard and snooker players throughout N.S.W., and our own club in particular.

The annual tournaments in both sections are now drawing to a close with eight warriors still battling for supremacy in the three-ball game and a similar number in the multi-ball family. Every tournament brings forth its surprises, and 1936 has proved no exception to the rule.

The second round of the billiard tournament found some of the favourites dropped, but no one expected the result which transpired in the J. A. Roles (rec. 80) v. Charlie Young (owes 30) bout. Scores at the finish were 250-89 in favour of the first-named, and anyone who can defeat "C.E.Y." so pronouncedly has certainly not tarried on the way-side.

The effervescent disputant of supremacy, J. W. Plaskitt, again showed his mettle by winning 250-206 opposed to W. A. Boyd. The former started off a handicap of 120, and the latter 85.

Old campaigner C. E. Hall (rec. 120) had all the better of matters with Dr. F. H. Genge, because the latter called it a day and forfeited!

And the same state of affairs existed when "G.J.W." dropped out and left "Nabob" to try conclusions in the third round.

It was not so easy going, however, in the game between H. England (90) v. S. D. Milne (100), for the scorer could not make up his mind right till the end, when the board showed 250-243 in favour of the former.

Further misfortunes befell Hans Robertson, who found the load of "owes 150" too great when he clashed with J. B. Davis, and went down 250-221. "Further misfortunes" will be qualified later on in this story.

W. M. Hannan achieved victory by the same methods of C. E. Hall and "Nabob," but "Rose Bay" had to win his spurs by defeating G. Chiene (80), 250-146. As the victor was placed on "owes 165," the mark of honour for the tournament, the win was well deserved. The third round is now in progress, and it is worth mentioning in passing that both "Nabob" and "Rose Bay" are well known to the committee which hands out the prizes each year, having finished number one on previous occasions.

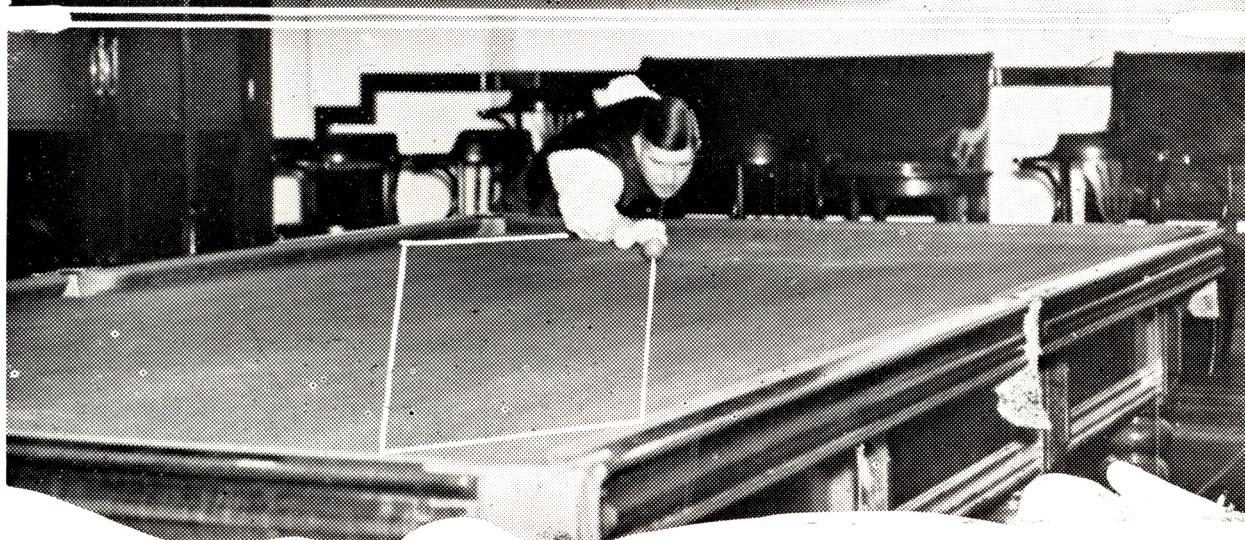
Snooker

The snooker tournament has advanced to the fourth round, and those still remaining in are I. Stanford, J. S. Blau, L. Howarth, A. S. W. Hurd, "Rose Bay," W. Scott, Dr. A. F. Janes and W. S. Edwards. When next issue goes to Press the winner will be announced for each section. The marks allotted the snooker contingent range from rec. 30 to rec. 110, hence the handicappers must be given credit for being broadminded. The ensuing games promise to provide close finishes, and members present will be well rewarded.

During the month, the N.S.W. State billiards and snooker championships were decided, and it is with regret one chronicles that Hans Robertson lost his snooker title, which he has held for two years, and was also beaten in the final of the billiards.

One thing for which we can be pleased is the fact that the victor, Arthur Bull, is well known to members and most popular with whom he has ever come in contact. Bull is identical with the Olympic sculler of other days, and is well known as a particularly versatile sportsman in various fields.

Although defeated, Hans Robert-



In the photograph above, Walter Lindrum shows how position can be obtained when the cue-ball lies between the object balls. Main ingredients are careful aim and envisioned angle. This is just one of many cases in which the world's champion gets all the balls together in one shot by utilising the whole length of the table.

son did himself proud in all but the first session of the final game, when he lost 200 points—a leeway which he afterwards found too great.

State finals are contested over 2,000 points in three stages, and Hans had a surplus of points in his favour in two. This in no way detracts from the victory of the winner, for he was too good on the occasion, and congratulations from members were showered aplenty.

Robertson's Cup of Woe was filled to the brim when he succumbed in the snooker championship. But, anyone who has played snooker any length of time will agree that it is a game amongst games in which the result cannot be forecast until the final numbers go up. Thus has been qualified the earlier remarks regarding our Hans.

Overseas.

Just as this issue goes to Press the battle starts for the world snooker title, in which Australians have an interest per medium of the entry of

Horace Lindrum. There are six contestants: Joe Davis, Tom Newman, Willie Smith, Melbourne Inman, Horace Lindrum and Sidney Smith.

One expects Davis to again conquer over all, but he and Horace Lindrum are not so widely separated as some folk imagine. Joe was quite emphatic on that point when the pair met in this country, and it must be conceded that Lindrum will have improved greatly as a result of his twelve months abroad.

There is a movement on foot to bring a bunch of professionals to this country for 1937 to play a series of games and so pave the way for something extra special on the occasion of our Centenary celebrations in 1938. It is quite on the cards, also, that two ladies will make the trip, and Miss Thelma Carpenter has already been named as one. Such a galaxy of talent must surely do much to replace the great old game on the footing it once enjoyed.

Australian Title.

The Australian title event is being played in Adelaide at the moment, and after a lot of unnecessary wrangling, Westralian Bobbie Marshall's entry has been accepted.

He was objected to on the grounds that he had played in exhibition games against Walter Lindrum without first gaining sanction from his State ruling body. Just how that could be argued is hard to follow, seeing that until this year there was no ruling body in the west. Marshall's exploits, under the circumstances did much to keep the game alive where it may have fizzled. Under the circumstances he might have expected applause where he got kicks. Anyway, as hinted in these pages, Marshall will probably prove to be the greatest amateur billiard player this country has ever known. If he fulfils anticipations in this direction, this country will be the proud possessor of the leading player in both sections.

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Swimming

How Coaching Ideas are Changing — Pool Splashes

After the 1932 Olympic Games we were told that the Japanese had evolved a characteristic stroke, and our young swimmers were seen at every bath trying to emulate them, with no great success.

But, following the 1936 Berlin Games, a change has come over the ideas of the experts, who now realise that there is no such thing as a standardised stroke, but that discipline and proper methods of training are the things that spell success.

Australians have for years past had the idea that to train in the Winter would mean staleness in the Summer, forgetting that in U.S.A. the swimmers have their championships in both Summer and Winter.

The generous action of Tattersall's Club has allowed the Swimming Association's Coaching Committee to train promising youngsters throughout the Winter, and all the boys show up well in the Summer.

The classes ended on Monday, September 21st, with a miniature carnival, the feature of which was the swimming of Noel Ryan, Gearling and some of the youngsters, who all showed benefit from their Pool swimming.

Following this success the Association is getting together all the aspirants for places in the N.S.W. team in the Australian championships for training purposes in a bath to be fixed.

The realisation now is that hard training is the most necessary thing for success in swimming, and that too much messing around with strokes is not paying dividends.

Times are changing, but really only back to many years ago when training was of more importance than coaching as recently practised.

Some years back, when coaching was being discussed at a big meeting, we remember the remarks of fellow member Alderman Eddie Marks that "to be a champion you've got to swim, and don't forget all the Australian stars of years gone by were water rats," being greeted very coldly.

But our old friend was right, and he must chuckle when he notes the change in front of our experts.

Club Doings.

Tattersall's Swimming Club members do not hibernate for long, and though they ended the last season in July, they will be in action again on Thursday, October 22.

The race will be a 40 yards handicap as usual, and intending new members are requested to do their time trials before the event.

Handicapper John Gunton has struck a new note this season, for he has made his handicaps already, and these will be handed to each of last season's swimmers on a notification showing his personal handicap for each distance and a reminder of the date of the opening of the season.

Messrs. John Dewar and Sons Ltd. have again promised a valuable cup to be contested on a point score basis. Conditions have not yet been formulated, but it is almost certain that they will be the same as for the last popular cup.

One of the best pieces of news we have had for some time is that an agreement will be reached between the Surf and Swimming Associations, which will result in popular Hans Robertson again swimming with the club.

This season an A.I.F. Swimming carnival is to be held on the same lines as the A.I.F. Golf and Tennis days that have proved so successful, and we will probably see some of Tattersall's men competing.

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Handball

There are quite a number of games yet to be played in the Handball championships before the title-holders are crowned, but some of the players have now got as far as the semi-finals.

"Pete" Hunter is having a really good season, for since beating Pat Herson for the Godhard Trophy by 31-28 and 31-21, he has qualified for the semi-finals of the "A" Grade Championship.

"Billy" Williams, too, is tickled to death over getting back all his old punch, but we all know how hard it is to keep a good man down. "Billy" is in the "A" Grade semi-finals following his 31-28, 31-30 defeat of Lazarus.

Bill Tebbutt, the Club champion, has yet to reach the semis, but the tip is that he will be one of the finalists if not the champion again.

Results of the championships to date are:—

"A" Grade.

1st Round: F. Lazarus beat N. Penfold, 31-30, 31-13; W. Tebbutt beat E. E. Davis, 31-26, 31-29; P. Herson beat A. E. Rainbow, 31-28, 31-25.

2nd Round: S. G. Williams beat F. Lazarus, 31-28, 31-30; K. Hunter beat F. Chilton, 31-25, 31-25.

Hunter and Williams have qualified for the semi-finals.

"B" Grade.

1st Round: J. Buckle beat J. N. Creer, 31-21, 31-26; A. Richards beat G. Goldie, 31-28, 30-31, 31-28; E. T. Penfold beat W. G. Buckle, 31-28, 31-30.

2nd Round: E. T. Penfold beat A. Richards, 31-24, 29-31, 31-23.

E. T. Penfold has qualified for the semi-finals.

"C" GRADE.

1st Round: R. Pollard beat J. Patience.

2nd Round: A. Pick beat I. Stanford, 31-20, 31-25; E. Fauser beat R. Pollard, 25-31, 31-27, 31-22; E. Rein beat N. Murphy, 31-18, 31-13.

E. Rein, E. Fauser and A. Pick have qualified for the semi-finals, the winner of the Wilson-Lake game to be the fourth.

MED. BALL.

Players in the first Med. Ball competition are finding the going very strenuous, and so far the first round has not been completed.

Results so far in the first round are:—

Herson and Block beat Hermann and Murphy, 6-2; Miller and Tarrant beat Lawton and Bergin, 6-1; Lazarus and Buckle beat Penfold and Tebbutt, 6-2; Green and Silk beat Rainbow and Lake, 6-0; Pooley and Stanford beat Pick and Pratt, 6-3; Page and Hammond beat Marton and Davis, 6-0.

The Mother State

A Chateau Tanunda Historical Feature.

SERIES NO. 4.



The winding Nepean River.

THE NEPEAN IS DISCOVERED

CLOSELY following Phillip's discovery of the Hawkesbury, news came to the infant settlement of Sydney that another great river had been discovered—the Nepean, by Captain Watkin Tench, of the Marines. In importance this discovery must rank second to Phillip's in the list of discoveries made during the first few years of colonisation; for not only did these two discoveries lay open the interior almost to the foot of the Blue Mountains, but also proved that there was country worthy of settlement and cultivation beyond the limits of the actual seaboard. Very early in the country's history were the banks of these rivers (in reality, one) to be settled and grow into thriving towns.

IT was but a matter of days after Phillip's discovery of the Hawkesbury that Tench set out on his expedition. "At this period," Tench wrote in his "Complete Account of New South Wales," "I was unluckily invested with the command of the outpost at Rosehill, which prevented me from being in the list of discoverers of the Hawkesbury. Stimulated, however, by a desire of acquiring a further knowledge of the country, on June 26, 1789, accompanied by Mr. Arndell, assistant surgeon of the settlement, Mr. Lowes, surgeon's mate of the Sirius, two marines, and a convict, I left the redoubt at daylight, pointing our march to a hill, distant five miles, in a westerly or inland direction, which commands a view of the great chain of mountains called Carmarthen hills, extending from north to south farther than the eye can reach. Here we paused, surveying the wild abyss; pondering our voyage. Before us lay the trackless immeasurable desert in awful silence. At length, after consultation, we determined to steer west by north by compass, the make of land in that quarter indicating the existence of a river. We continued to march all day through a country untraversed before by any European foot. Save that a melancholy crow now and then flew croaking overhead or a kangaroo was seen to bound at a distance, the picture of solitude was complete and undisturbed. At four o'clock in the afternoon we halted. . . . At daylight we renewed our peregrination; and in an hour after we found ourselves on the banks of a river, nearly as broad as the Thames at Putney, and apparently of great depth, the current running very slowly in a northerly direction. Vast flocks of wild ducks were swimming in the stream. . . . We proceeded upwards by a slow pace through reeds, thickets, and a thousand other obstacles which impeded our progress, over coarse sandy ground which had been recently inundated though full forty feet above the present level of the river."

THE name of Nepean was conferred by Governor Phillip upon this river when Tench returned to the settlement with the news of his discovery. Although it was not definitely proved until 1791, it was early suspected from its position that the Nepean emptied its waters into the Hawkesbury. Tench, on a later expedition, proved this to be an actual fact.

IN the light of the feats of later explorers these efforts by those of the first few years of settlement must appear very small indeed, yet it must always be remembered that they were the ones to pave the way for the spectacular expeditions of discovery that were to come later, and also that they performed a valuable service in the opening up of the country about Sydney. A matter of vital necessity in those days.

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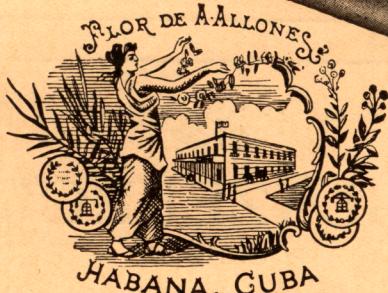
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